

The Meeting of Two Of Fate's Currents.

(Original.)
A woman lay dying. No one was with her except her son, a boy of ten years. She looked at a shelf over a fireplace and tried to speak. The boy, knowing she wished to speak of something on the shelf, took up various articles on it, at every one of which his mother gave a negative sign till he came to a small lacquered box, at which she began to mutter. He took down the box, went to the bedside, put his ear close to her lips and tried to distinguish what she wished to say to him. But he failed. The mother died before she could make herself understood.

After all was over and the dead had been laid away the little fellow closely examined the lacquered box. It was locked, and he had no key to open it. Taking it to a locksmith, he procured a key and unlocked the box, but found it empty.

The boy was left with nothing and was obliged to make his own living. The few articles of furniture were sold, realizing only a few dollars. His home had always been in the country, and he sought an abiding place and work on a farm.

Farmer Simpson agreed to take him. He was to do chores and such light farm work as a boy of his age might be able to do, such as feeding the stock, milking the cows and weeding. He was permitted to go to school for a portion of each day, though this was for his employer's as well as his own benefit, for little Belle Simpson, seven years old, was sent to school, and the boy was her protector over the two miles between the farm and the school-house.

And so Benny Rengeralt grew up the protector of a child who came to be a woman. Strange that her father should not have expected that the two would pass from the friendship of childhood to the love of youth. In truth, he never realized that his daughter had grown to womanhood till after it was too late. Then when he began to consider which one of the neighboring well-to-do farmers' sons she would take for a husband he discovered that she and Ben were welded together. They might be parted, but it would be like tearing up two clinging plants by the roots.

Nevertheless he resolved to do so. Ben was twenty-two years old and had accumulated nothing. Indeed, he had never been paid anything to accumulate. He was told to go, and there seemed nothing for him to do but get work as a farm hand wherever he might. But he had been an apt scholar and was fairly well educated. He resolved to go to the city and seek a business situation. When he parted from his sweetheart she told him that she would never marry until at some future time she might marry him.

Five years passed. Ben was receiving a small salary. Neither he nor Belle had married, but Farmer Simpson was as inexorable as ever.

Fate works in strange grooves. While all this was passing one of her other currents was flowing on to meet the one recorded. One day a woman, seeing a red flag before a house, entered and found an auction. She bought several knickknacks, including an old lacquered box. It was coming to pieces, and she secured it for 15 cents.

Some months after this purchase one of Ben Rengeralt's friends called his attention to a personal advertisement which concerned him. It said that if he would call at a certain street and number of a certain town he would hear something to his advantage. He was naturally very much surprised and went at once to the place designated. He was received by an elderly lady.

"Are you Benjamin Rengeralt?" she asked.

"I am."

"Did you ever see that box?" pointing.

Ben looked at the box.

"No," he said. "I never saw it before."

She saw that he was endeavoring to recall something and gave him time. That quick springing plant memory had taken root in his brain, and while seconds were being ticked away it was growing. It had been excited by the box, which he had not seen for nearly twenty years. Again it stood on the shelf over the fireplace. Then he saw his mother looking toward it, her efforts to tell him something concerning it, her failure.

"Yes," he said. "It belonged to my mother. When she was dying she tried to tell me something about it, but her voice failed her before she could do so. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it at an auction, intending to use it for trinkets. But it was coming to pieces, and I tried to glue it together. Failing in this, I tried to fasten it with nails. Under the hammering it broke apart and revealed a false bottom. See?"

She took out the upper bottom and disclosed a small paper book with a number printed on the cover. She opened it and showed him his name. It was a savings bank book. There were deposits entered in it, the last having been made more than seventeen years before. The aggregate deposits were \$3,000. The accumulated interest would amount to nearly twice as much more.

"It is yours," she said. "Doubtless your mother had long been saving it for you. I am glad to be the means of its return to you."

And so it was that the mother's intentions were carried out in time and when perhaps they did the most good. Ben married his sweetheart, invested his find in business and is now prosperous and happy.

HELEN V. WEED.

Old Iron Work.

In a dark corner near the west entrance of Winchester cathedral is a door composed of four pieces of iron grill work, which have the distinction of being the oldest specimens of their kind in England.

BREWERS ON DEFENSIVE

Alarmed at the Spread of Prohibition

THE ANTIDOTE FOR IT

Says Liebmann, Is Education—Saloon Is to Great a Political Factor—Meeting in Milwaukee Hears the Report of Trustees.

Milwaukee, June 10.—When the convention of the United States Brewers' Association resumed its sessions yesterday, President Julius Liebmann delivered his annual address. He spoke in part as follows:

"In spite of the fact that our beer is universally pure, and that the leading physiologists are so thoroughly agreed as to its food value, the brewer finds himself held up to obloquy and scorn, and in many states his business is in danger of confiscation. What is the cause of this clamor? It is, we believe, the fact that very few of the men and women who preach prohibition have any first-hand knowledge of the saloons. They do not enter them, even for purposes of observation, and they certainly do not know that by far the large majority of saloons are decent and respectable, and do not tolerate drunkenness or disorder. The problem of the saloon is one of regulation by statutory authority; of administration by the trade.

"The regulation of the saloon has been needlessly complicated by experimental legislation, party politics, police corruption and inefficiency. In recent years the saloon has been growing to be less and less a political factor. To-day it threatens to become the biggest political issue in our history."

"It is our duty to hasten universal enlightenment and to spread the conviction that our industry stands for temperance in the best sense of the word, and will neither countenance nor tolerate anything that is not thoroughly in accord with the moral and physical welfare of the people."

WAR ON BAD SALOONS.

Brewers Ask Authorities to Revoke 40 Licenses

Milwaukee, Wis., June 10.—As an object lesson in showing to the National Association of Brewers assembled in convention here how lawbreaking saloons should be controlled by the saloon men themselves, the local organization of brewers and liquor dealers has handed to the authorities a list of forty saloons with evidence that these places are not law abiding and a request that their licenses be revoked. Mayor Rose announced that this would be done at once.

The convention of the brewers will meet in executive session to-day to consider the question of local option.

Walled Cities of China.

The walled cities of China are well named, for the majority are surrounded by walls thirty to forty feet in height and from sixteen to thirty feet in breadth. The city of Hsianfu is surrounded by a wall sixteen miles in circumference.

New York's Chamber of Commerce. The oldest commercial corporation in the United States is in New York city. It is the chamber of commerce, organized May 5, 1793, in the historic Fraunce's tavern.

The Baseball Umpire.

Though batting men may gather near, He speaks his mind through thin and thick. The only man who feels no fear In all this land of the big stick.

—Washington Star.

A "Thort."

I've often thort an' tossed about Upon my bed in summer To think of reasons why I shouldn't Go an' be a plumber.

'Cause once I saw a sign like this, "Young man, you take the lead."

The sign was right, but seems to me That lead should have read lead.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Wood Engraving.

The first English engravers on wood worthy of notice were Edward Kirkall, born in 1035, and John Jackson, who died in 1574. But the art had no real vitality in England till the brothers Bewick, about the close of the eighteenth century, founded the English school, which has since attained a position second to no other.

Smoking Competitions.

Smoking competitions are extremely popular in Germany, and not long ago a prize winner smoked a cigar for seventy-four and a half minutes without letting it go out. None of the other competitors' records was over an hour.

India.

You may wonder for days through India without seeing a European. There are white colonies in each of the capitals, but outside of these only a few planters, traders and missionaries are scattered over the land. In a city like Benares, the Venice of India, a man might live a year without seeing a white face.

Butter And.

The French chef insists that the very foundation of all good cooking is butter and onion married in the pot. The Italian cookery prefers butter and garlic. The Spanish cookery seasons his dishes with butter and leeks.

The Zulu.

If he is properly led the Zulu does not understand the meaning of the word "surrender."

FAVORITE SON SERIES---TAFT

Washington, June 10.—President Roosevelt has said that if it would help matters at all, he would cheerfully walk on his hands and knees from the White House to the Capitol to see William Howard Taft inaugurated President of the United States.

Senator Foraker, who would like to prevent the consummation of that event, has declared that no one could meet Taft and not love him as a man.

There must be something wonderfully pleasing in a man's personality to evoke such expressions from two such diverse sources.

And there is. Gentle, whole-souled, happy, hearty big "Bill" Taft, as he is known to his intimates, attracts men to him as irresistibly as the magnet does the steel.

One of the biggest men in the country, physically, Taft is six feet tall and weighs 280 pounds. His shoulders are broad, and his frame so big that he carries his weight without giving the appearance of a fat man in the ordinary sense.

Bubbling over with good nature, with laughter ever ready to his lips, Taft is, nevertheless, the personification of dignity and firmness. Convinced of the wisdom and justice of a certain line of action, no one, not even President Roosevelt himself, is more aggressive and courageous in pursuit of his object.

Taft is his own master. No greater mistake could be made than to assume that, if elected President, he would be under the domination of any man. In the mapping out of the great policies of the Roosevelt administration no one has been more freely consulted than Taft, and no one has been more free to criticize.



WILLIAM H. TAFT OF OHIO.

size the President when criticism seemed just.

Roosevelt is not a lawyer. Taft is. Sympathizing heartily with the President's purpose, Taft has used his legal training to shape Roosevelt's ideas into practical form. The abilities of the one have complemented those of the other, with a result that a great work has been accomplished for the people.

Temperamentally they are almost opposites. It would be difficult to conceive of Taft forming classes of "hars," "malefactors of great wealth," or "nature fakers." He has not the phrase-making capacity of Roosevelt, but he can be none the less vigorous in denunciation of wrong. He does not believe that epithets are necessary to make speech strong and incisive. Where Roosevelt is impetuous and sometimes has to change front with great suddenness, Taft's legal training makes him deliberate, judicial, and, once convinced, unyielding.

No man in public life is more frank and unreserved in his intercourse with newspaper men than Taft. He goes on the theory that the public has a right to know about the administration of the War Department, and he takes the correspondence into his confidence, but he reserves the right to decide when the proper time has arrived for publication of the facts. He plays no favorites, but when Taft says "No," there is a finality about it which is generally accepted. On one occasion, however, a correspondent persisted in asking leading questions on a subject upon which the Secretary had said that he could not speak. Taft's face lost its smile, the kindly gray eyes developed steady glitter, and suddenly the storm broke. He declared that he was not to be "bullyragged" into answering questions that he did not want to answer, and gave the unhappy newspaper man such a raking-down before all of his colleagues, as he had probably never had before. It was such a surprise coming from Taft that for a few moments no one uttered a word. Then, just as suddenly, the storm cleared. Jumping up, Taft put his arms around the shoulders of the correspondent and in the most affectionate manner apologized frankly for his outburst of temper.

Taft is a hard but cheerful worker. He gets up early and does a lot of work at his home before going to the Department at 9:30 or 10 o'clock. He usually finds his desk there piled up with papers awaiting his attention, and he keeps three stenographers busy all day dictating to him. He seldom leaves until 8 o'clock, and frequently works late into the night.

Yet in the midst of all this he finds time to receive many callers. He has the happy faculty of putting visitors immediately at their ease, and when Taft says that he is glad to see you he

makes you feel that he really means it, and that it is something more than the perfunctory greeting usually handed out by public men.

Nothing in the line of work seems to faze him. He is just as ready to pack his grip on a few hours' notice to start for Rome, Havana, Panama, or Manila, as he is to take up the question whether the middle span of a bridge over a certain navigable stream should be 48 or 62 feet high.

An extraordinary variety of work has fallen to his lot since he left the position of U. S. circuit judge in Ohio, upon the earnest solicitation of President McKinley, to cross the seas and become Governor of the Philippines.

It was a sense of patriotic duty that led him to accept that office, and it was that same impelling power that caused him to throw himself heart and soul into the work. So interested did he become in his Filipino charges that when Root resigned as head of the War Department and Taft was drafted to succeed him, he insisted upon keeping supervisory charge over the people whose affection he had won and whose aspirations and limitations he so well knew.

After being engaged in the pacification of savages he was now confronted with the problems of warfare and schemes of attack and defense; then Congress loaded onto the War Department the task of building the Panama Canal. Taft assumed this, with his other burdens with entire equanimity. When the Panamanians became restive and fancied grievances arose between the United States government of the Canal Zone and the newly established republic, Taft went himself, with infinite tact, and with an apparently intuitive realization of South American character, adjusted the differences and won the confidence and regard of the new allies of the United States.

It would seem that the Philippines and the Panama Canal with their many intricate details were of themselves enough to fully occupy the time of one

MORE KOREANS "PACIFIED"

113 Killed Between 3d and 7th of June

TWENTY-SIX ENGAGEMENTS

Fought With Rebels—Englishman to Be Tried in Seoul—Spreading Sedition Among the Natives Is the Charge.

Tokio, June 10.—A dispatch from Seoul dated to-day (June 3) at army headquarters reports that from June 3 to June 7 the government troops had 26 engagements with the insurgents, 113 insurgents being killed and 26 taken prisoners. To-day the new home minister announced the removal of seven provincial governors, showing a determination to effect many sweeping changes in local affairs.

Another dispatch from the Korean capital says that the trial of a British editor named Bethel, charged under an order of the British Council with spreading sedition in a newspaper published in Korea, begins on June 15 before an English judge sent from Shanghai, whence also a king's council has been sent to act for the prosecution.

NO DIAMOND YET.

Lemoine's Time Expired Yesterday—Extension Granted.

Paris, June 10.—Henry Lemoine's time limit for the production of a diamond of specified size and shape expired yesterday, but he has failed to produce the stone. Maitre Lemoine, his counsel, has obtained for him an extension of a few days.

Eyes of Spain on Young Queen.

Madrid, June 10.—Queen Victoria of Spain has made the usual visit to the church of the Virgin de la Paloma, as is the custom of all queens of Spain when an addition is expected to the royal family. The queen was accompanied by King Alfonso, their baby son and members of the court. In a few days the royal family will leave for La Granja, which is taken as a sign that the expected arrival is very near.

BROKER A SUICIDE.

Asked Hotel Orchestra to Play Dead March in "Saul."

Chicago, June 10.—Roy A. Gormley, a Detroit grain broker, ended a week's dchance last night by committing suicide in his apartments at the Auditorium Annex. He was 38 years old. The police say that he was recently separated from his wife because of his infatuation for another woman. Shortly after the suicide a woman called up the Annex by long-distance telephone from Detroit and asked to be connected with Gormley's room. When told he had killed himself the woman screamed and hung up the receiver, cutting off connection.

Gormley was a broker employed by the Acme Grain company of Detroit. He registered at the Annex on June 4 and had spent most of his time since then in the Pompeian room drinking. Last night he asked the orchestra to play the dead march in "Saul." The leader told him that they did not have the music, but said he would bring it with him this evening.

DEAD IN COUNTY SEAT WAR.

The Second Tragedy at Eufaula, Oklahoma.

Muskogee, Okla., June 10.—The second tragedy of the McIntosh county seat war was enacted Monday night, when General Dunlap, who was guarding the court house at Eufaula, was shot and killed in a hallway in the third story of the building. Ed C. Julian, county clerk of McIntosh county, is charged with the murder and the sheriff and deputies have started for Muskogee with the prisoner. F. N. Woods was shot and seriously wounded by Joseph Parmenter in a county seat fight here Sunday night.

TWO KILLED, OTHERS HURT

IN COLLAPSE OF BUILDING

Washington Apartment House, in Course of Construction, Falls.

Washington, June 10.—Two persons were killed and five others injured, two of them seriously, yesterday, when an apartment house in course of construction at the southwest corner of Twentieth and P streets Northwest, in the fashionable section of the city, collapsed. All were workmen employed at the building.

There were eight other workmen in the building at the time, who escaped without injury.

CONFIRMS REPORT OF PLAGUE.

Porto Cabello Says That Caracas Is Afflicted.

Willemstad, Island of Curacao, June 10.—A steamer which has just arrived here from Porto Cabello, Venezuela, confirms the report that several cases of the plague exist in Caracas. The people of Puerto Cabello feeling sure that the plague will reach that port, have erected pest-houses.

HORSE KICKS ELEPHANT,

PAYS FOR IT WITH LIFE.

Offending Animal Seized in Elephant's Trunk and Dashed to Ground.

New Albany, Ind., June 10.—Seizing a horse with its trunk, an enraged circus elephant yesterday dashed the animal against the ground until it had pounded the horse's life out.

**Made, Good—
As We Could—**

And we don't believe anyone "knows how" better than we.
A really superb quality flour—
Milled from choicest grade, hard,
Northern Spring wheat.
We know you'll be pleased with—

**"Duluth Imperial"
FLOUR**

Any Grocer—
All Grocers

The Spoon Is FREE

Pleased with the flour—
With the air-tight package—sealed, secure—
With the beautiful gift you'll find in every package—
This heavy, pure-silver plate spoon—
Handsome design—good for many years wear.
We couldn't afford it, if you didn't keep on buying—
"DULUTH IMPERIAL"—
But you will.

LABOR'S CRUSADE AGAINST CONSUMPTION

Preventive and Curative Measures to Observe in Fighting the Dread Disease—Disposal of Sputum—Benefits of Fresh Air and Sleep.

Organized labor has taken its initial plunge into the crusade against consumption. On Feb. 7 a meeting was called by the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, the object of which was to meet delegates from the organized workmen in Philadelphia to discuss ways and means to stamp out this disease, says the Typographical Journal.

The meeting was held in the Mutter museum, College of Physicians, and it was an exceedingly appropriate place for the discussion of such a deadly subject as tuberculosis.

It was the consensus of opinion of the representatives of the more than a dozen trades unions which had delegates at the meeting that the factory laws of the state of Pennsylvania are flagrantly violated, and it was stated in the course of one man's remarks that the bureau of factory inspection was a gigantic fraud, that there were mills in the Kensington textile district where the walls had not been whitewashed for seventeen years and that the water closets were constructed without any regard for sanitation, as they had no outlet to the outside, but were merely a portion of the room boarded off, and that the floors were not scrubbed in his thirty years' recollection.

The society intends to carry out the plan of education formulated; intends to get in touch with the organized workmen in Philadelphia and send out literature until every one is thoroughly familiar with the causes of this dreaded disease; make them acquainted with the fact that it can be cured in its early stages and urge all those who may be infected to get in touch with the society, so that they can be treated. It was also pointed out that tuberculosis is a communicable disease and is always contracted from another and that it is not hereditary. It never comes from a cold, although a cold may first draw attention to it. While developing the disease the germs manufacture a poison, which circulates in the blood, causing fever, increase in pulse rate, chills, sweats, stomach disturbance and wasting.

The attention of the delegates was called to the contributing causes of tuberculosis. It was stated that the majority of people in good health are not susceptible, but that anything tending to lower vitality improves the soil for the development of this germ. Therefore poor and insufficient food, overwork, alcoholism, worry, dissipation, surroundings like a damp, dark or overcrowded dwelling, severe diseases like typhoid fever, repeated colds, all tend to bring on this terrible scourge. When the disease is far advanced and has affected the greater part of a vital organ or parts of many organs it is incurable, but in the earlier stages the majority of cases can be cured.

But in order that this may be accomplished the first thing necessary is to build yourself up to a perfect state of physical health. This is accomplished by rest, regular life, fresh air and good nourishment. You should always have nine hours' sleep, and the windows of your bedroom should be kept open day and night in all kinds of weather. Another important requisite is that as much time as possible during the day should be spent in the open air. The diet should be generous, nourishing and easily digestible. Milk, raw eggs, raw or rare beef and beefsteak are especially recommended to build one up, but alcohol in any form, either beer, whiskey, wine or brandy, is tabooed as being positively harmful. In all cases contagion to others can be prevented by wearing care in the

disposal of the sputum, as spitting is one of nature's methods of getting rid of these germs, and the sputum should never be swallowed for fear of infecting other parts of the body. And therefore to protect oneself and others one should never spit where it may dry and be swept into the air as powdered dust, which may be inhaled. And under no circumstances spit on the floor, wall, carpet, stove or sidewalk. It was pointed out that the breath of a consumptive does not contain the germs and will not produce the disease.

Then a few suggestions were offered in reference to the use of spit cups and paper napkins and the care that should be exercised in coughing and sneezing and regarding the disposal of soiled linen, which should be boiled before washing. There was also a warning against the many widely advertised cures, and those present were assured that the only method that would bring good results was to depend upon pure air, an out of door life and nourishing food.

From this may be seen the gigantic task this society has undertaken and how necessary it is for organized labor to lend a helping hand by insisting that the committee carry out these instructions and preach the gospel of right living and insist on sanitary surroundings. The factory laws should be enforced more strictly, and these existing abuses should be remedied. This disease cannot be stamped out in a year or in ten years, but by all pulling together an impression can be made, so that, while it may not be referred to as obsolete, we may be able to say that it is infrequent.

What's in a Name?

"What's your name, sir?"

"Wood."

"What's your wife's name?"

"Wood, of course."

"I'm Both Wood. A-ah, any kindling?"—Success Magazine.

Vocal Competition.

Oh, simple excellence is all his aim! Though there is naught to compensate his seat, He faithfully attends the baseball game And strives to holler louder than the rest.

—Washington Star.

Endurance.

"Your daughter has a wonderful ear for music."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox wearily. "Seems like it can stand most anything."—Washington Star.

Their Destiny.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," 'tis said. There's no denying that's The truth, and when the birds are dead They help to make fine hats.

—Pick-Me-Up.

Those Wild Oats.

"What," queried the youth, "is that old saying relative to wild oats?"

"Wild oats," replied the ragtime philosopher, "always come home to roost."

—Chicago News.

The Other Side of It.

She found his love was growing cold, So back to me she came— Vowed he was cold, but never told His dimmers were the same.

—Philadelphia Press.

The Reason.

"Seems to me you look younger than ever."

"Why not? As I grow older I become more and more expert in avoiding trouble."—New York Life.

Slowly Getting Ahead.

The much discouraged hat of straw, Restrained by stern climatic law, Of milder weather gets a taste And rushes in with modest haste.

—Minneapolis Journal.

When to Begin.

Redd—What is the first step in automobilism?

Greene—Getting used to the smell—Yonkers Statesman.

It All Depends.

Ring rule may be a maiden's whim, And to it she may true be If backed up by the proper "him" And a diamond or a ruby.

—Detroit Tribune.

Up to the Old Adage.

She—Some men haven't much to say. He—Yet it is easier to talk than to saw wood.—Bohemian Magazine.